

no shortage of sordid, no protest from me

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by [trashbambi](#)

Summary

As soon as the door opened, Will knew something was off. Hannibal had a far off look in his eyes as he gestured for Will to enter. As they made their way to the kitchen, he asked after Will's day, though Will suspected this time it was more so that he didn't have to talk for a moment than out of genuine curiosity.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

As soon as the door opened, Will knew something was off. Hannibal had a far off look in his eyes as he gestured for Will to enter. As they made their way to the kitchen, he asked after Will's day, though Will suspected this time it was more so that he didn't have to talk for a moment than out of genuine curiosity.

Launching straight into the most recent case about a serial killer turning corpses into renaissance paintings, Will began to worry in earnest when Hannibal barely commented on the subject matter. He merely continued preparing a light snack for them both—it was far past a suitable time for dinner—only giving an occasional nod and hum. It was when Hannibal slipped while cutting segments of fruit, the keen edge of the knife sliding deep into the pad of his thumb, that real concern finally set in.

"Shit, Are you ok?" Will asked as he dashed around the counter as blood welled to the surface and began sliding down his thumb. He took Hannibal's wrist in his hand and wrapped his thumb with a nearby tea-towel when Hannibal simply stood there staring at the wound with resigned look. He was hot to the touch, and now that Will was closer he could see the faint sheen of perspiration on Hannibal's forehead.

"Hannibal?"

"Hmm?"

"I think you might be sick. And this probably needs stitches. You should go to the hospital," Will said, and Hannibal looked at him properly for the first time since he'd arrived. His eyes looked a little clearer as his gaze ran over Will.

"No, I'll be fine. If you could fetch me the first aid kit from under the sink I would be thankful," Hannibal told him, and Will frowned before turning to retrieve the small box. Hannibal's eyes tracked him appraisingly and frankly, it made Will a little more uncomfortable than usual.

"What's up with you tonight? You seem really out of it. I've never known you to slip up in the kitchen," Will said, running the tap and guiding Hannibal's hand under the flow to flush the wound. He helped Hannibal apply some steri-strips to keep the wound closed, before wrapping his thumb gauze to keep it clean.

"I apologise for my distraction tonight. I fear you may be right about my being unwell. I've been feeling out of sorts since this afternoon. I'd assumed that perhaps I was just tired. Would you mind cutting the rest of the fruit while I get us something to drink?"

"Yeah, sure. Unless you'd prefer me to leave and let you get some sleep? I'm sorry for coming so late. I just needed to talk through the case, but if I'm keeping you from getting proper rest...?"

"No, no please stay. I find myself craving company tonight," Hannibal said, giving Will's forearm a soft squeeze before turning to pour them some wine. After cleaning the knife and cutting board, Will resigned himself to slicing the rest of the fruit, perhaps with less

refinement than Hannibal, but considering it would all be consumed momentarily, he couldn't find it within himself to care too much about his lack of finesse.

Moving to Hannibal's study, they sipped wine by the fire and ate in companionable silence; making light work of the simple assortment of cheeses, fruits and cured meats Hannibal had laid out before them. Will couldn't help but notice the way Hannibal couldn't seem to look away from him. Sure he usually watched him, but not like this. It was altogether more heated.

Stretching his legs after their meal, Will paced the room, in an attempt to shake the predatory gaze following him from Hannibal's watchful eyes. He paused, tracking Hannibal's movements as he moved to water a plant with thick fleshy leaves and vibrant pointed flowers that sat on the windowsill. It was a new addition to the room, and Will wasn't familiar with that particular plant, though he was not surprised since he'd never been one for flowers.

"That's an odd looking thing. Where'd you get it?"

"Ah, it was a gift from patient. Given today in fact. I think he hoped it would endear him to me. However I think I may be slightly allergic to its pollen. I seem to become more flushed every time I go near it. Perhaps it's what's made me unwell today."

"Why not get rid of it then?" Will asked.

As Hannibal was about to answer, he accidentally knocked against the stem and a plume of pollen was dislodged from the flower, settling on his hand. The effect on him was nearly immediate. Hannibal had to steady himself with a hand against the wall, the other curling into a fist against the window frame as a soft grunt forced itself from his throat.

"I think you should definitely get rid of it, whatever it is," Will said as he edged closer to Hannibal, feeling uneasy seeing Hannibal in obvious discomfort. "Maybe you should sit back down?"

Hannibal's breathing was laboured as he turned to face Will, cheeks flushed and it didn't take long for Will to notice that the front of Hannibal's trousers were tented.

"This is an odd reaction... I apologise. Perhaps it would be a good idea for you to go," Hannibal suggested, voice roughened and accent thick with arousal. A bead of sweat rolled down his temple and his jaw visibly clenched as he swayed in place for a moment, fighting the urge to move closer to Will.

The choice to keep his distance was taken from Hannibal a moment later when Will reached out to steady him with a hand on his shoulder. As soon as contact was made Hannibal surged forward, hands gripping Will by the hips and pinning him against the wall.

"What that f-" Will was cut off by Hannibal's lips on his. Will froze as Hannibal pressed forward against him. A shudder surged down his spine when Hannibal's cock pressed against his hip and he gripped at Hannibal's shirt, torn between pushing him away and pulling him closer. The latter won out after a moment, unable to deny himself the chance to experience what he'd been craving since he'd met Hannibal.

Will gasped and as soon as his lips parted, Hannibal's tongue invaded his mouth and stroked against his own. When he pulled back for air he caught Will's lower lip between his teeth, tugging at it for a moment, causing Will's eyelids to flutter and a groan tumbled out against Hannibal's lips as their hips rocked together.

Hannibal's hold on Will's hips tightened, and he used the leverage to thrust against him, head dropping to Will's shoulder. He nuzzled against Will's neck and breathed in his scent, nose nudging along the soft skin where ear and jaw met. Hannibal tensed against him with a choked groan, the rocking of his hips turned frantic for a moment before they bucked spasmodically.

It took Will a moment to process what had happened, and Hannibal seemed to come to his senses at roughly the same time, pulling back with a look of genuine embarrassment. His cheeks flushed and he cleared his throat, for once it was him avoiding eye contact with Will.

"It, ah... seems the pollen may have potent aphroditic properties. I suggest you leave for your own comfort. I fear I may not be able to prevent myself from repeating my... offence." Hannibal's hands gripped the back of the chair like a vice. He was flushed, his cock still tenting his pants; a damp patch slowly crept across the front as semen soaked into the fibers.

Will took advantage of Hannibal's unwillingness to look at him and stared unabashedly at the picture he made. He'd not realised before then how arousing something like that could be. The fact that he'd basically made Hannibal, king of propriety, cum in his pants.

Sure it was under the influence of some exotic plant's pollen, but he hadn't been blind to Hannibal's attraction to him before and knew this had likely only hastened the result. It was hard to be oblivious to such things with his empathy disorder; Hannibal hadn't acted on it or mentioned it, so Will had paid it no mind as usual when it came to these things.

The realisation hit him then that while he'd known of Hannibal's attraction, all but the most intense of Hannibal's other emotions were masked to him, which spoke to the ardency of his desire. Will looked Hannibal over once more with intent, his own cock straining in his slacks now. He looked debauched, his usually composed exterior cracked open and spilling lust and need through the gaps to wash over Will and nearly drown him in their potency.

Perhaps if he played his cards right he'd have a shot at continuing this once the effects of the plant had worn off. Will bit his lip for a moment, then moved closer, his movements confident as he placed a hand on Hannibal's arm.

"I'm not... objecting, to the situation. I'd prefer it if you were doing this of your own volition instead of whatever this plant is pushing you to do. But I'm not objecting," Will told him. He slid his hand down Hannibal's arm, and transferred his touch to his hip, rubbing in firm circles with his thumb. Hannibal looked up at him, struck uncharacteristically dumb by the situation.

"Let me help you. I'm not blind to you Hannibal. Just willfully ignorant. I know even without this you want me in some way. So let me give you what you need tonight. And later, when you're more yourself again, we can talk," Will said, closing the gap between them and

pressing a kiss to the corner of Hannibal's mouth. The action seemed to break whatever spell was holding Hannibal back, and once more he was grabbed and pulled close.

"Will. If you don't leave now, I guarantee that you'll be bent over that desk with me inside you in a matter of minutes. I don't wish to hurt you."

"Not if I bend you over it first." Will hummed, and watched with rapt exhilaration as Hannibal's pupils expanded rapidly at the suggestion. His upper lip twitched in an approximation of a snarl, and then his hands were tugging at Will's belt. It seemed the thought of being fucked by Will was more appealing to Hannibal than Will had anticipated.

"You are exquisite, Will," Hannibal purred against his lips. Will's hands mirrored Hannibal's as he made short work of the belt and trousers and pushed them down. This left Hannibal clad in a sweater and silk boxers with their new stain on the front.

Hannibal kissed him then, and Will palmed at his erection through the silk, feeling the delicious heat of him radiating through the fabric. The contact had Hannibal shuddering against him, hips bucking into his touch, chasing the friction of Will's hand. Will was amused when Hannibal, apparently having given up on the belt, threw his arms around Will's neck and buried strong hands in his hair.

They stayed like that as long as it took to exchange a few kisses before Will pulled back enough to watch Hannibal's slack jawed expression. He stroked Hannibal through his trousers with a teasing, feather light touch until he was gasping and begging against Will's mouth. He withdrew only to grasp Hannibal's wrist, tugging him along as he stepped back and approached the desk chair, where he sat and pulled Hannibal into his lap after taking the opportunity to divest him of his underwear.

To Will, Hannibal was a heavenly vision; dressed in nothing but his red knit sweater, cock hard and pressed against Will's flannel covered belly. Half dried cum was smearing across the fabric but Will couldn't really bring himself to care as he spread his hands to cup Hannibal's ass.

Will gave a firm squeeze, a wolfish grin split his lips as Hannibal shuddered and let out an honest to god *whine*. It was such an incongruous sound coming from Hannibal, and Will found that he wanted to pull it from him again and again.

"Tell me you keep lube in one of these drawers," Will rasped, grinding himself up against Hannibal and leaning in to suck and bite at the column of his throat. Hannibal gave him a distracted nod, unable or unwilling to stop the now constant rocking of his hips. Hannibal bent backward, Will marvelling at his flexibility as he stretched to open a drawer. He withdrew from its depths an unlabelled bottle that could only be lube, which he then pressed against Will's chest. Will's hands left Hannibal's ass to take it from him.

A moment later Hannibal was pressing his face against Will's neck, panting and pressing open mouthed kisses to the warm skin. Will could feel him trembling, cock straining and twitching against Will's belly every now and then.

Seeing Hannibal so affected was far more arousing than Will could have ever predicted. It was intoxicating to see his blatant lack of self control. Especially when Hannibal usually had complete mastery over even the most minute of his facial expressions.

“Hold yourself open for me,” Will breathed against Hannibal’s ear as he made short work of slicking his fingers. Hannibal leaned heavily against him, nuzzling and biting up the column of Will’s neck before suckling at an earlobe. Will stroked a slick finger over his twitching hole, smearing a generous amount of lube around it before firmly pushing the tip in.

Hannibal pressed back onto his finger, fucking himself onto it despite any possible discomfort he might be experiencing. He was tense from pent-up need, almost feverish as sweat rolled down the small of his back. He nosed along Will’s stubbled jaw, drinking in his scent as if it were oxygen to a drowning man.

“Please... please Will. I need to feel you. I need you to fuck me.” Hannibal pleaded hoarsely. The word ‘fuck’ passing Hannibal’s lips in that accent so thick with need, went straight to Will’s dick.

A second finger pressed in alongside the first and Hannibal arched, rocking himself down onto it without restraint. Will stroked Hannibal from the inside, reveling in the glorious heat and the slick glide of his fingers, punctuated by the steady stream of wanton cries that tumbled from Hannibal’s lips when he located his prostate.

With his free hand, Will stroked over Hannibal’s chest, fingers catching on a nipple and watching in fascination as Hannibal’s muscles twitched. Hannibal tilted back when Will added a third finger, balancing himself with his hands on Will’s knees and fucking himself on the digits buried in his ass.

“Look at you. Does that feel good, Hannibal?” Will asked. “Do you like fucking yourself with my fingers?” Hannibal’s head jerked in a nod, eyes glassy and distant as he lost himself in the pleasure afforded him by Will’s fingers. Will crooked them and rubbed the pads over that sweet spot inside him. As he did, Will pressed his thumb firmly over Hannibal’s perineum, assaulting his prostate from two directions.

Hannibal let out a ragged gasp, and his body jerked almost violently, one hand almost slipping from Will’s knee entirely at the stimulation. On the second pass of Will’s fingers, cum began to leak sluggishly from Hannibal’s cock in weak bursts. It dripped thickly down the shaft and Hannibal let loose a noise far too high pitched to be anywhere close to dignified.

Will continued his ministrations despite the way Hannibal writhed and twisted in his lap, clearly oversensitive from the second orgasm. He stopped only when Hannibal’s arms began to tremble and look as though they might not support him much longer. Will returned to stretching Hannibal properly, pulling him forward again and stroking his back with his free hand as Hannibal trembled against him.

“Still hard, hmm?” Will noted, slowly opening Hannibal up until the slide of his fingers grew easy and met little resistance. He turned his head to kiss Hannibal’s sweat dampened cheek, keeping the thrusting of his hand slow now to give him a bit of a chance to recover.

Soon Will grew impatient, his own cock begging for attention in the cage of his now too tight pants. He slipped his fingers out and gave Hannibal a pat on the rear.

“Can you stand and bend over the desk for me?” Will asked, and Hannibal groaned as he moved his shaking legs, standing somewhat unsteadily and leaning over the desk a moment later. It was clear that his knees might give out on him without the aid of the study furniture he laid against to support him.

Will remained seated for a moment, and with hasty hands unbuckled his belt to pull his aching cock free of the confines of his boxers. Hannibal looked so good like this; bent over, exposed and stretched, lubricant glistening around his twitching, loose hole. For a moment, Will was torn between the want to kneel behind him and use his mouth to get Hannibal off and the need to give in to the intense desire to fuck him.

In the end the latter won out, and once Will had looked his fill he stood from the chair, pushing his pants down completely. He pressed forward, groaning as his cock slid wetly between Hannibal’s cheeks. The head caught on the rim for a moment and made Hannibal gasp with need as he pushed back.

“Fuck... condom... Do you have any?” Will asked breathlessly, smoothing a palm over one of Hannibal’s ass cheeks, looking down as he spread him slightly.

“No, however I’m clean and I know you are too. So please, *please*, fuck me now, Will.” Hannibal begged, voice tense with need. Will’s brows furrowed in a slight scowl as he realised Hannibal had been snooping in his medical records.

“I’ll deal with your snooping later.” Will promised, bringing his hand down in a sharp, echoing slap against Hannibal’s ass, causing him to jerk with a surprised whine. Patience finally at an end after that, Will wrapped his hand around the base of his cock to guide himself, pressing in slowly to watch intently as Hannibal’s body swallowed his cock inch by greedy inch.

“Fuck... *fuck*, you feel good. You look good. Shit.” It felt as though Will’s breath had been punched from his lungs as he slid in completely. Hannibal was blisteringly hot and sinfully silky around him, and Will wasted no time in pulling out, only to slam back in. He started up a rough, fast pace, gripping Hannibal’s hips with bruising force.

Hannibal’s forehead was pressed to the cool wood of the desk, eyes screwed shut and lips parted around silent moans. Will draped himself over his back, pressing his lips to the shell of Hannibal’s ear with a low groan. He set his teeth against the delicate cartilage and nipped, feeling Hannibal’s legs quiver and quake against his own.

The sound of their hips smacking together was loud in the quiet office, second only to the ragged breaths and moans spilling from their lips. It was intoxicating to Will, his cheeks flushed with exertion and pleasure. Hannibal was soft and pliant beneath him, taking each thrust of Will’s cock into him with eager abandon.

Trembling legs finally gave out beneath Hannibal, and Will’s cock slipped from him before he could get an arm around his waist to properly support him. The loss of Will stretching him

made Hannibal keen desperately, nails scrabbling at the desks top and leaving faint gouges in the varnish in their wake. He'd feel conflicted about the damage later, both enjoying the memories they brought and hating the fact that his pristine antique desk was damaged in any way.

Will hushed Hannibal with open mouthed kisses to his cheek and down the side of his neck. Hannibal merely let out another keening whine and Will repositioned himself, pushing back into Hannibal's pliant body and slowing his pace to a steady, deep rolling of his hips. Hannibal thrust back against him as best he could with legs as unsteady as a newborn colt's.

The slow drag of Will's cock inside him lit up every nerve ending, filling him so perfectly that were Hannibal in a clearer state of mind he'd likely be hearing arias. As it was, all he could hear was the rush of blood pounding in his ears and Will panting roughly against his neck. The tight coil of need in his groin built slowly, sluggish from his previous climaxes but already promising to be more intense than any before.

Will trailed his tongue up the back of Hannibal's neck, behind his ear and back down, where he bit hard at the juncture of his neck and shoulder. The sharp sting of Will's teeth digging abruptly into his flesh made Hannibal cry out, body jerking and cock weeping. Precum smeared messily against Will's sleeve where the head of Hannibal's cock brushed it each time Will pulled at Hannibal's hips, staining the fabric.

"Will, Will *please*. I need... need to..." Whatever Hannibal had intended to say was lost to a plaintive whine. Will still got the message loud and clear; allowing his hips to pick up the pace again as he pressed one last kiss to the bruise spreading around the bite mark. With the hand not supporting Hannibal, Will sought out and gripped one of Hannibal's own, lacing their fingers together. He whispered breathless praise against Hannibal's hair, voice getting more graveled and choked as he neared his own climax.

Pressure building, the cradle of Hannibal's hips snapped taut the next time Will's cock struck his prostate. Just a little more direct contact and Hannibal was sure he'd be spilling for a third time. The frenzied, drugged part of him wanted to go again and again, but Hannibal was sure after this his body may just give out. His heart was pounding, beating rapidly against his ribs with more vigour than it ever had before.

Will took heed of the noises escaping Hannibal's throat, increasing in volume and desperation. The arm he used to support Hannibal's hips shifted so he could slip his hand around Hannibal's cock, using the precum to ease the way slightly as he matched the pace of his hips. It took a mere three strokes before Hannibal reached his peak, spilling hot and wet over Will's fingers as thanks fell so sweetly from his lips.

The fluttering clench of Hannibal around him and the noises he made had Will teetering on the edge of his own orgasm. He pulled back and braced both hands on Hannibal's hips, smearing the man's own cum on his skin as he fucked into him harder and faster, paying little heed to Hannibal's comfort now. He just chased his own release with single minded determination. When it washed over him at last, Will grit his teeth with a grunt, giving a few fitful bucks before stilling entirely, hands squeezing at Hannibal's already bruised hips.

Will pressed his sweaty forehead to the back of Hannibal's equally sweat damp shoulder, gasping for breath, brain swimming in oxytocin and everything pleasantly fuzzy. Keeping their hips pressed flush together, Will gingerly pulled Hannibal up and back before sitting heavily in the chair, Hannibal a pleasant weight in his lap. Will held him close, nuzzling at the side of Hannibal's neck with a hand splayed over his heaving chest, feeling the heavy rise and fall as he caught his breath.

"Feeling better?" Will asked once his breathing had returned to something approaching normal, peering over Hannibal's shoulder and exhaling a little in relief when he saw his cock finally softening. Hannibal turned his head and smeared a lethargic kiss against Will's stubbled cheek.

"I believe the immediate need has dissipated, yes. Though I find myself in need of a hot shower and a nap." Hannibal replied, shifting in Will's lap and wincing slightly as Will's cock slipped free. With Hannibal turned sideways in his lap, Will peered awkwardly up at him, suddenly and inexplicably timid as the, frankly absurd, situation sank in.

"I should... I should probably go then." It was a marvel to Will; how Hannibal could speak so eloquently right after experiencing what could only have been a pollen induced sex craze and cumming an impressive three times. His own skull felt like it was stuffed with fluff and not much else, leaving him sluggish and satiated.

"You don't wish to join me? We could talk about this in the morning, though I find myself reluctant to let to go quite yet. You were right earlier when you pointed out my... fondness for you." Hannibal said as he lifted a hand to caress Will's cheek.

"I wouldn't want to intrude."

"Will, I would very much like for you to stay the night, if you're comfortable with doing so. Would bribing you with breakfast increase the likelihood of your acceptance?" Hannibal asked, and Will chuckled, squeezing his arms where they were still wrapped around Hannibal's waist.

"You don't have to bribe me with breakfast. I know you'll cook for me anyway. I doubt hell or high water could stop you."

"Indeed you're correct. Come, let's wash up and get some sleep. If you need to call someone to care for your dogs overnight, you should do it now," Hannibal said as he slipped gingerly out of Will's lap, wobbling slightly on still unsteady legs but unashamed by his partial nudity and the semen and lubricant that painted his inner thighs.

"Maybe I should take that plant off your hands... keep it safe for you since it doesn't seem to affect me," Will said absently as he raked his eyes over the glistening slickness of Hannibal's bare thighs.

"And only bring it out on special occasions?" Hannibal quipped, Will's eyes flicking up to see the twist of sated amusement on Hannibal's face.

"Something like that..."

End Notes

yes I am now using Hozier lyrics as fic titles.

We can't be friends unless u like Hozier sorry I don't make the rules the bog lesbian does.

plz feed me ur comments and kudos, I am a very hungry boy. I require fuel.

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